



The Ashfield



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Chapter 1 by Jacob Z Klimaszewski

I had run at least two miles, lugging my pulser and provisions, and Rojo, on a leg that was only being held together with emergency nanofibre.

Rojo was hurt, badly. One of the noxbombs had hit our crownest and ripped half his skin off. Thankfully we were one of the units to get one of the experimental nervous manipulation botsets and those little robots were trying to repair his skin and fight massive infection. Rojo, the bastard, he said it tickled.

Can't say I don't love the man.

Alliance craft are inching closer, and thanks to a napalm blitz we've been cut off ahead of the front line. I can see at least forty walkers and hundreds of alys scarpering towards us. Union air cover is gone. We've been in stickier situations...

Oh wait, no this is probably the worst. I take a stim, my last one, and shove it into Rojo's thigh. He shouts, roars, and hurls himself upright. He starts laughing, and faces the Alliance line. It's quite a sight - the sky, brown and orange with smoke and fire, and the blue streaks of plasmas across the plain.

They said Rojo once took down an aly walker with a hunting knife. I said 'Impossible.' Now I am tempted to change my mind.

He started to run towards them. I followed with a smile.

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